

THE LILY.

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NO. 1.

THE FOLLOWING LINES were handed us by a young man of this place who it is well known has been somewhat addicted to the use of "strong drink." He remarked at the time, that "they struck him as being something very good."—Whether he has realized the truth of them and can adopt the sentiments as his own, we know not; but we truly hope that if he has not already done so, he may speedily "deprecate the past," and at once bid "farewell to the accursed bottle," else he will "discover when too late" that he is "bound in an adamant chain" which cannot be severed.

[Ed. Lily.]

FAREWELL TO STRONG DRINK.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Fare thee well! thou health destroyer—
Fare thee well, thief of the purse,—
Fare thee well! thou peace annoyer,
And of every vice the nurse.

Let thy prodigal adorers
Worship thee, and give thee praise—
Blind to all the pangs, the horrors,
Lurking in thy haggard ways.

Let them riot in their madness,
Working out their grief and shame,
Calling noisy uproar, gladness,
Crushing bones, the source of fame.

Want and raggedness await them,—
Halters, bowie knives, and lead,
Alcohol can soon beget them,
These and more, it is his trade!

Treach'rous demon! purblind mortals
Ignorantly marry thee;
Singing, as they near thy portals,
"We are happy, we are free!"

But when they have fairly entered,
Naked truth sends forth a ray,
Showing them that they have ventured
Where they are compelled to stay.

He must make a struggle early,
Who can hope to change his fate:
Thousands make a trial fairly,
But discover 'tis too late.

Sober joy was still my pleasure,
Yet I joined thy reckless train,
And became in no small measure,
Bound in thy adamant chain.

Glad am I that chain is severed—
Sever'd, never more to bind.
I have tried, and tried, and wavered,
Leave my good resolves behind.

Glad am I the struggle's ended;
Sober joy and freedom sweet,
Your commands shall be attended,
Rum and I shall never meet!

Hope may gild the future brightly,
Present time has bliss in store,
But the past must seem unsightly,
Yes, the past I must deplore.

Fare thee well, accursed bottle!
One small drop begets a slave!
He must early live tee-total,
Who would shun a drunkard's grave!

From the American Temperance Recorder.

TWO PICTURES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, the oldest but six years of age, came in from school one evening, later than usual by half an hour.—Both their eyes were red with weeping, and their cheeks wet with tears. Their father, Mr. Warren, who had come home from his business earlier than usual, had been waiting some time for their return, and wondering why they staid so late. They were his only children, and he loved them most tenderly. They had, a few weeks before, been entered at a school kept by a lady in the neighborhood—not so much for what they would learn, as to give occupation to their active minds.

"Why, Anna! Willy!" exclaimed Mr. Warren, as the children came in, "what's the matter? Why have you stayed so late?"

Anna lifted her tearful eyes to her father's face, and her lip curled and quivered. But she could not answer his question.

Mr. Warren took the grieving child in his arms, and as he drew her to his bosom, said to Willy, who was the oldest—

"What has made you so late, dear?"

"Miss Roberts kept us in," sobbed Willy.

"Kept you in!" returned Mr. Warren in surprise. "How came that?"

"Because we laughed, answered the child, still sobbing and weeping.

"What made you laugh?"

"One of the boys made funny faces."

"And did you laugh too, dear?" asked the father of Anna.

"Yes, papa. But I couldn't help it. And Miss Roberts scolded us, and said she was going to whip us."

"And was that all you did?"

"Yes, indeed, papa," said Willy.

"I'll see Miss Roberts about it," fell angrily from the lips of Mr. Warren. "It's the last time you appear in her school. A cruel-minded woman!"

And then the father soothed his grieving little ones with affectionate words and caresses.

"Dear little angels!" said Mr. Warren to his

wife, shortly afterwards, "that any one could have the heart to punish them for a sudden outburst of joyous feelings? And Anna in particular, a mere babe as she is, I can't get over it. To think of her being kept in for a long half hour, under punishment, after all the other children had gone home. It was cruel. Miss Roberts shall hear from me on the subject."

"I am sure you take this little matter too much to heart," urged the mother. "Miss Roberts must have order in her school, and even the youngest must conform to this order. I do not think the punishment so severe. She had to do something to make them remember their fault, and restrain their feelings in future, and she could hardly have done less. It is not too young for them to learn obedience in any position where they are introduced."

But the over-fond and tender father could see no reason for the punishment his little ones had received; and would not consent to let them go again to the school of Miss Roberts. To him they were earth's most precious things. They were tender flowers; and he was troubled if ever the winds blew roughly upon them.

Seven years have passed. Let us visit the house of Mr. Warren, and look at him among his children. No; we will not enter this pleasant house—he moved away long ago. Can this be the home of Mr. Warren! Yes, small, poor, and comfortless as it is! Ah! there have been sad changes. Let us enter. Can that be Warren? That wretched-looking creature—with swollen, disfigured face, and soiled garments—who sits, half-stupid, near the window? A little flax-haired child is playing on the floor. It is not Anna. No, seven years have changed her from the fairy-like little creature she was when her father became outraged at her punishment in Miss Roberts' school. Poor Anna! That was light as the thistle down to what she has since received from the hands of her father.

The child on the floor is beautiful even in her tattered clothes. She has been playing for some time. Now her father calls to her in a rough, grumbling voice.

"Kate! You Kate, I say!"

Little Kate, not five years old, leaves her play, and goes up to where her parent is sitting.

"Go and get me a drink of water," he said in a harsh tone of authority.

Kate takes a tin cup from a table and goes to the hydrant in the yard. So pleased is she in seeing the water run, that she forgets her errand. Three or four times she fills the cup and then pours forth its contents, dipping her tiny feet in the stream that is made. In the midst of her sport, she hears an angry call, and remembering the errand upon which she has been sent, hurriedly fills her cup again, and bears it to her father. She is frightened as she comes in and sees his face; this confuses her; her foot catches in something as she approaches, and she falls over, spilling the cup of water on his clothes. Angrily

he catches her up, and cruel in his passion, strikes her three or four heavy blows.

"Now take that cup and get me some water," he cries, in a loud voice, "and if you are not here with it in a minute, I'll beat the life half out of you! I'll teach you to mind when you are spoken to, I will! There! Off with you!"

Little Kate, smarting from pain, and trembling with fear, lifts the cup and hurries away to perform her errand. She drops it twice from her unsteady hand ere she is able to convey it, filled with water, to her parent, who takes it with such a threatening look from his eyes, that the child shrinks away from him, and goes from the room in fear.

An hour passes, and the light of day begins to fade. Evening comes slowly on, and at length the darkness closes in. But twice since morning has Warren been from the house, and then it was to get something to drink. The door at length opens quietly, and a little girl enters. Her face is thin and drooping, and wears a look of patient suffering.

"You're late, Anna," says the mother, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am. We had to stay later for our money. Mr. Davis was away from the store, and I was afraid I would have to come home without it. Here it is."

Mrs. Warren took the money.

"Only a dollar." There was disappointment in her tone as she said this.

"Yes, ma'am, that is all," replied Anna, in a troubled voice. "I spoiled some work, and Mr. Davis said I should pay for it, and so he took half a dollar from my wages."

"Spoiled your work!" spoke up the father, who had been listening. "That's more of your abominable carelessness!"

"Indeed, father, I couldn't help it," said Anna, "one of the girls—"

"Hush up, will you! I want none of your lying excuses. I know you! It was done on purpose, I have not the least doubt."

Anna caught her breath, like one suddenly deprived of air. Tears rushed to her eyes, and commenced falling over her cheeks, while her bosom rose and fell convulsively.

"Come, now! None of that!" said the cruel father, sternly. "Stop your crying instantly, or I will give you something to cry for. A pretty state of things, indeed, when every word must be answered by a fit of crying."

The poor child choked down her feelings as best she could, turning as she did so from her father, that he might not see the still remaining traces of grief which it was impossible at once to hide.

Not a single dollar had the idle, drunken father earned during the week that he had not expended in self-indulgence; and yet, in his brutality, he could roughly chide this little girl, yet too young for the task-master, because she had lost half a dollar of her week's earnings through an accident, the very nature of which he would not hear explained. So grieved was the poor child at this unkindness, that when supper was on the table she shrunk from the room.

"Come, Anna, to your supper," called the mother.

"I don't wish anything to eat," replied the child, in a faint voice.

"Oh, yes, come and get something."

"Let her alone!" growls the father. "I never humor sulky children. She doesn't deserve any supper."

The mother sighs. While the husband eats almost greedily, consuming himself, more than half that is on the table, she takes but a few mouthfuls, and swallows them with difficulty.

After supper, Willy, who is just thirteen, and who has already been out as an apprentice to a trade, comes home. He has a tale of suffering to tell. For some fault his master has beaten him until the large purple welts lie in meshes across his back from his shoulders to his hips.

Willy relates the cause, and tells it truly. He was something to blame; but his fault needed

not the correction of stripes even lightly applied.

"Served you right," said the father when the story was ended. "No business to have acted so. Do as you are told and mind your work, and you'll escape flogging. Otherwise I don't care how often you get it. You've been spoiled at home, and it'll do you good to toe the mark. Did your master know you were coming home to night?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, with trembling lips, and a choking voice.

"Then what did you come for? To get pitied? Do right, and you'll need no pity."

"Oh, James, don't speak so to the child!" said Mrs. Warren, unable to keep silence.

This was answered by an angry look.

"You must go back to your master, boy," said the father, after a pause. "When you wish to come home, ask his consent."

"He doesn't object to my coming home," said Willy, his voice still quivering.

"Go back, I tell you! Take your hat, there, and go back. Don't come here any more with your tales!"

The boy glanced towards his mother, and read pity and sympathy in her countenance, but she did not countermand the order; for she knew that if she did so, a scene of violence would follow.

"Ask to come home in the morning," said she to her boy, as she held his hand tightly in hers at the door. He gave her a look of tender thankfulness, and then went forth in the darkness, feeling so sad and wretched that he could not repress his tears.

Seven years. And was only this time required to effect such a change. Ah! rum is a demon! How quickly does it transform the tender husband and parent into a cruel beast! Look upon these two pictures, *ye who tarry long at the wine*. Look at them, but do not say they are overdrawn. They have in them only the sober hues, and subdued colors of truth.

From the Star of Temperance.

TESTIMONY OF BISHOP CHASE.

With more than ordinary pleasure we publish the following letter, which we find in an English paper, though its date is somewhat back. We wish all our American Bishops were equally decided in favor of the cause of Temperance:

Letter from the Right Rev. Philander Chase, D. D., Bishop of Illinois.

JUBILEE COLLEGE, ILLINOIS,

U. S., 18th Feb., 1849.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Thanks to the good God whose Spirit guided us in the commencement of our College, total abstinence from all spirituous liquors is made an indispensable requisite in all who are in anywise connected permanently with the Jubilee College; and it was to keep our mechanics and day laborers in the same path, that I thought of the project of a Temperance Village. Whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen.

Already we have erected some tenant's dwellings on our land, to be rented on the temperance principle. If we succeed well in this measure, we shall be encouraged, with some assistance from abroad, to go ahead with our Temperance Village. It is strange and most painful to observe that the English are the most reluctant in coming into the measure of total abstinence; and yet it is made plain to them as well as to us, that nothing else will serve the end of preserving the drunkard from destruction. Here, where whiskey can be had for almost nothing, the human gives way to the brutal propensities, and except by total abstinence, all hopes of saving them are lost.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since I left the drinking of distilled spirits, and more than half that period since I relinquished the use of wine, but as its use is prescribed in the Lord's Supper. In doing this, I have been the butt and derision of many who have sunk into the drunkard's grave, or have been cut off from the

stage of usefulness, for sins induced sobriety and temperance. I have labored in the wilderness, and have been refreshed by the pure stream of Nature's beverage only, while I have seen those around me fainting for want of distilled and brewed liquors. I have lived; and they are dead, alas! mostly dead.

Institutions, not observing temperance, I have seen flourish and go down again, through the misconduct of trustees, and the insubordination of the pupils, like grass before the prairie fire. We look for them but they can no longer be found. Wine was a mocker, and strong drink was their ruin. I have been entertained at the houses and cabins of many who professed Christianity, yet who, because they would not allow their liberty of drinking whiskey to be infringed on, are disgraced in their persons, or mouldering in an untimely grave.

I have seen many a family flourishing in its members; and the same I have seen all withered by reason of a worm in the stem. Intoxication in the father, has ruined the mother and all her blooming children. This, all this, it has been my lot to see—yea, and twice a thousand times more of wretchedness and woe have I seen during my pilgrimage through this fallen world; and now that I am about to leave it, my most fervent prayer is, that God will bless all means for the suppression of intemperance. And in relation to the church, I would utter my heart's devotions in her own impressive words: "O, most merciful God, by whose Spirit the whole body of the church is governed and sanctified, raise up thy power and come among us;—that whereas we are sorely let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace may speedily help and deliver us, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

If in any respect, more than another, this prayer has reference to the hindrance of the work of salvation occasioned by intemperance, can Christians say it with a good conscience, while in the use of spirituous liquors?

I am your most respectful servant,

PHILANDER CHASE, Bishop of Ill.

To the Rev. W. CARUS WILSON, M. A., Caster-ton Hall, England.

OPPRESSION AND DEGRADATION OF FEMALES.

This subject has already begun to excite the attention of philanthropists in the great cities of both continents. It is, perhaps not often considered by the purchasers of ready made clothing, when higgling for a trifling reduction in the price of an article, that their gain is rung from the hard-earned pittance of those females who depend for a livelihood on their needle—they do not think that the tendency is to sink them first to most abject poverty and then drive them to desperation and crime—and even if they did sometimes receive a thought from the purchaser, it is generally one in which charity forms no connexion. It may never have occurred to by far the largest portion of our citizens, that a large majority of the inmates of the brothel, are driven to that desperate resort from bare necessity—to obtain the means of living out a wretched existence.

We see it stated that efforts have been made to relieve the necessities, and reclaim from their abandonment, the unfortunate class of females who have been unable to support themselves by working on "slop work." A society has been formed with this object, in London, a committee of which have elicited some facts humiliating and startling. It has been testified before that committee, that the most skilful and expert seamstresses were unable to earn more than would supply them with the most meagre and scanty food, thus absolutely driving them to crime or prostitution for their clothing, &c. Evidence was given that these females had suffered everything but death itself, before yielding, and then only to the extent that would supply them with the most pressing necessities. Nor are the seamstresses of New York, and in short, all our cities, in less degrading circumstances. In our own city, it is im-

...to earn, on cheap work, more than \$2.25 per week, by the most un-
...high time that something was done to cor-
...this glaring wrong—to relieve the burdens
...down a virtuous and intelligent class to
...and ruin. The society for the protec-
...of defenceless females, organized in this city
...time since, has already done great good, but
...the field for their labor is a wide one. Still great
...vigilance is called for. But there is, perhaps,
...other way of remedying the evil, otherwise
...than by legislative enactments. We hear much
...of the necessity of "protecting" the labor of Amer-
...can mechanics and factory operatives—for a ma-
...jority of them can vote, but no one seems to give
...a thought for the condition of defenceless and op-
...pressed American females—however acutely they
...may suffer, no one seems to care for them—poli-
...ticians do not appear to know there is such a class,
...because they cannot vote. If there were no other
...argument in favor of extending the right of suf-
...frage to females, these facts present a most pow-
...erful one. [Roch. Eve. News.]

THE DANGER.

Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunk-
ard's broken health and shattered intellect,—"I
can never so fall." He thought as little of falling
in his earliest years. The promise of his youth,
was as bright as yours; and even after he began
his downward course, he was as suspicious as the
firmest around him, and would have repelled as
indignantly the admonition to beware of intempe-
rance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost
imperceptible approach. Few perish by it, by
its first access. Youth does not suspect drunk-
enness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens
all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does
not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to
his debilitated organs. The man of thought and
genius detects no palsy in the draught
which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect
and imagination. The lover of social pleasure
little dreams that the glass that animates conver-
sation will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink
him too low for the intercourse in which he now
delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless
steps, and binds the first cord with a touch too
light to be felt. This truth of mournful experi-
ence should influence the arguments and habits
of social and domestic life in every class of the
community.

HEAVEN.—It is the hope of heaven which re-
lieves despair. Short as are our conceptions, there
are moments with perhaps every mind, when
glimpses float in a bright, and joyous, and happy
existence. They may be instantaneous in their
coming and momentary in their stay; yet they
leave a sense of happiness in store for the right-
eous.

It is certain that all the evils in society ar-
ise from want of faith in God, and of obedience
to his laws; and it is not less certain that by the
prevalence of a lively and efficient belief, they
would all be cured. If Christians in any country,
yea, if any collected body of them, were what
they might, and ought, and are commanded to be,
the universal reception of the gospel would follow
as a natural and a promised result. And in a
world of Christians, the extinction of physical
evil might be looked for, if moral evil—that is, in
Christian language, sin, were removed.

[Robert Southey.]

The law of Connecticut fines the liquor sel-
ler, \$10 for the first offence, and doubles the fine
for every succeeding one. One man has 45 cases
pending against him. On the last of these, if
found guilty, he will have to pay more than one
hundred billions of dollars.

It is merit, and not title, which gives impor-
tance. It is usefulness, and not grandeur, which
makes the world happy.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

From Sketches of Reformers and Reformers, by
H. B. Stanton.

As Mrs. Opie wrote the celebrated work on
Lying, we must tell the truth if we say anything
of this excellent lady. When I saw her, though
the sun and shade of more than sixty years had
flitted across her path, her conversation and man-
ners retained much of the sprightliness of youth,
and would have been very agreeable, had she not
affected more juvenility than she really possess-
ed. Nearly half a century before, she had sent
to press a volume of poems, marked by graceful
versification, sweetness, and pathos; and a do-
mestic tale, "The Father and Daughter," which
was distinguished, amongst the mass of senti-
mental nonsense which floated all around, by
lively narrative, and a high moral tone. This
novel run through several editions, and still holds
its place in libraries. Since then, numerous works
of fiction have flowed from her pen, which bear
the same literary impress, are elevated in their
moral aim, and tend to soften the heart, and make
us love mankind better than before. Some of
Mrs. Opie's best gifts have been laid on the altar
of humanity. She has been the warm friend,
both in youth and in old age, of enterprises for
the improvement of man, without respect to clime,
creed, or color.

I have said that Mrs. Opie was a Quakeress.
In doctrine, she belongs to the strictest of the sect,
while she talks of Barclay's Apology and Byron's
Childe Harold, of George Fox's preaching and
Walter Scott's novel, in the same sentence, and
with equal delight. Suppose her *thee* and *thou*
did sound oddly in such company, and her tongue
trip occasionally when repeating some of Tom
Moore's champagne jokes at Lord Holland's din-
ners; and suppose her dress is juvenile in style,
and fastidious in arrangement, dazzling the eyes
as it throws back in disdain the envious brilliancy
of the blazing chandelier, showing that no belle in
the room has toiled more hours at her toilet this
evening, than she; still she is good Mrs. Opie,
is not "a birth-right member" of the plain-speak-
ing and plain-dressing sect, but joined them "on
convincement," while far advanced in life, with
habits firmly fixed, and after passing the line when
it is easier to change one's creed than one's man-
ners. Under that glossy satin dress, there beats
a heart whose every avenue is open to truth, and
whose sympathies gush out in streams that re-
turn not to their fountain, till they have swept
the entire circle of human want and woe. Sup-
pose this worthy Christian philanthropist is rather
fond of telling her auditors (and are they not
fond of hearing?) the fine things Sir Walter Scott
said to her in Melrose Abbey, or the flat joke that
some flatterer cracked in her ear when lead-
ing her into the drawing-room of Lord Fitzfozle,
or what Campbell said to her at her own house,
when she was participating in a discussion with
Wordsworth and Sir Thomas Lawrence, about
the relative merits of poetry and painting, or how
she used up all her stock of French the day she
dined with Lafayette—she is only one of a great
crowd of book writers and book readers on both
sides of the Atlantic, who are fond of insinuating
that they have shone as conspicuous spangles in
more than one comet's luminous tail.

In her declining years, Mrs. Opie has occa-
sionally sent into the world some effusion of her
benevolent pen, on religious and charitable sub-
jects—lives in a neat style at Norwich—shows
her visitors rooms lined with rare paintings, partly
the product of her husband's lively pencil—is ac-
tive in all works of love and mercy—was on fa-
miliar terms with the late warm-hearted Bishop
of Norwich—and delights to guide her friends
through the long aisles of the aged cathedral,
when the organ sounds its sweetest notes.

The Vermont Legislature has re-enacted the
law to prevent the exhibition of Circus perfor-
mances within that State.

THE YOUNG COLLEGIAN.

I knew a young man who went to college and
studied very successfully. Being of a bright and
animated disposition he was often invited to pleas-
ure parties, and although he went to them he
never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of
wine. He was engaged to be married to a young
lady of the first rank, and all seemed to go well
and promise future happiness; but intemperance
had to do its work. While at a party, the young
lady was told of the abstemious nature of her in-
tended partner. She was told that nothing in
the world could induce him to take a glass of wine.

"Don't say so," said she, "till I have tried him."
She asked him to take a glass for her. He firmly
refused. She threw her charms about him—she
prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstemious
youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the
downward course. Her father, though in the
habit of drinking, could not bear to see his daugh-
ter marry a drunkard, and he was ordered from
the house. The father got into difficulties and
went into the back settlements to recruit his for-
tune.

One night about twelve years afterwards, while
there was noise, and dancing, and music, a strange
wailing noise was heard outside the building. It
became louder and louder. Within, all was si-
lent. The music ceased—the door opened, and
the figure of a man entered and threw himself
upon the floor, crying, "O God, save me from
the fiends! O God, save me from the fiends!"
The young lady went up to him, and as she ap-
proached, his upturned eye met hers. It was
too much for her—she fainted away. He whom
she had wronged, thus lay before her a poor
maniac, and in two days more, I had the melan-
choly duty of attending his funeral, and hearing
the clods of the valley rumbling on his coffin.—
She is now, if still living, in a lunatic asylum.—
Her father and mother sleep in an untimely grave.
O, what an amount of sin must a person have
to answer for, who is thus the means of ruining
a precious soul. [Pres. Muhan.]

The Fair Fame of the Fair Sex.

"To write of woman," said a gallant French
philosopher, "you should take a feather from a
butterfly's wing." To touch upon the tender
subject of female reputation one ought to muffle
the point of the pen with swans-down.

[Exchange.]

Lack-a-daisy! How very soft! How lighter
than a gossamer and more intangible than the
shadow of a shade must "the fair fame of the
fair sex" be; what a precious passport to immor-
tality would this reputation purchase; and what
a protection it must be in the jostlings of the busy
world. Such a delicacy of character would be
very much like a white satin dress—quite unsuit-
ed to every day wear. It is ourself who would
prefer a reputation that would bear the heaviest
strokes of a stout steel pen, with an iron handle,
held in the heavy hand of scrutiny and impelled
by the india-rubber motive of malice; one that,
like a good, plain traveling-dress, will withstand
the wear and tear of life's journey; and when
the dust is brushed off, look just as good as new.
Let it be of ample dimensions, so that we could
lead it to one of these "butterfly 'o wing" con-
cerns with the spare folds, if a storm should catch
her out, and we should take a notion to see her
safely home. Let the material be like that used
in ancient wardrobes which descended from gen-
eration to generation; and we'll engage to stand
in no fear of feathers out of the wings of butter-
flies, crows or geese either. A woman who is
true to herself, may trust her "fame" to take care
of itself. She need never turn pale before an
enemy, not even though Capt. Bragg's battery be
brought to bear on her position.

We have not the slightest idea that women are
made of such light material that the breath of
any fool or knave may blow them, or the rocks of
ruin. [Mrs. Swissheim.]

Written for the Lily.
HENRY NEIL AND HIS MOTHER.

CONVERSATION NO. III.

Mother.—Having found in our former discussions that political power had no solid foundations of its own, but relied on some unseen power, let us now see what this is, and in what its strength consists.

Henry.—I suppose you mean moral power.

Mother.—Yes, an appeal to man's highest sentiments rather than to his pecuniary interests: to vote a man down does not put him down, to vote him good does not make him so. We have decided by law that there shall be no rumselling, yet the rumseller lives, and grows rich. Depend upon it that kindness and truth will do for the rumseller what it has done for the drunkard.

Henry.—Do you think the rumseller is governed by the same laws of mind that we are?

Mother.—Certainly. Moral beings can only judge rightly of others by themselves; the moment they give a different nature to any of their own kind, they utterly fail. The drunkard was considered hopeless until it was discovered that he was governed by the same laws of mind as the sober man, then with what magic power by kindness and love, was he raised from the slough of despond, and placed rejoicing upon high land. Thus will it be with the rumseller. He too is a man,—formed in the image of God, and though by a false life that image may be dimmed, yet brush aside the dust of a perverted education, and the likeness will appear though ever so faintly seen. Law and denunciation have failed to do the work, let us try the power of sympathy.

Henry.—Why, Mother, how could you feel any sympathy for the rumseller, whose heart seems so hardened against the poor perishing drunkard?

Mother.—The golden rule tells us to feel for others as we would have others feel for us. Now suppose, my son, that you were so benighted as not to see the sin of rumselling, or if you saw it, so wicked as to sacrifice your sense of right to your love of gain,—how would you like me to treat you—with detestation and abhorrence, denouncing you at the corners of the street, and in all the public assemblies of the people, or with kindness and consideration?

Henry.—I should rather have you sit down with me as now, and calmly reason the subject together; abuse might make me angry and array all my bad passions against you,—that whatever truths you might utter would all be colored by my hate. But if you made a kind appeal to me, I would listen, and no doubt think of what you said.

Mother.—Just so, that is the whole secret of moral power. Let us look a little into the philosophy of it. I will still suppose you the ignorant, degraded, wicked rumseller. Now to take a phrenological view of you, certain organs in your brain are too active, others not enough so; all that is necessary to make you a good man is to restore the balance of power, rouse up your benevolence and conscientiousness, and enlighten your reason, that great helmsman of the brain.

Henry.—But how is this to be done?

Mother.—By constant appeals to these higher organs. A man is never radically better through fear or force, but each time you rouse into action one of the moral sentiments, you strengthen it and it will the more readily act again.

Henry.—What organ makes a man sell rum?

Mother.—Too much acquisitiveness, and too little conscientiousness, the same that makes a man sell tough chickens, rancid butter, wet sugar, milk well watered, damaged muslin, calicoes that fade, measly pork and asthmatic horses. The same that induces the dentist to dig holes in good teeth, the doctor to bleed, blister and dose his patient for every trifling ailment, the lawyer to counsel his client to go to law when he knows he has no case, and the minister to pervert the truth to please his people.

Henry.—Alas! "for poor humanity." I shall begin to think, in spite of all your teachings to the contrary, that man is totally depraved. But do

you think all these men equally guilty with the rumseller?

Mother.—Infinitely more so. The intelligent, the thinking men of our land are they who have public sentiment in their keeping. Who seems to you the most in fault, the poor, ignorant rumseller, or our distinguished politicians, who, on the eve of an election, place hundreds of dollars in the hands of their emissaries through all our cities and towns, to be spent in rum,—that unwary and simple souls may be made to vote the right way?

Henry.—The latter class clearly. The rumseller is such a contemptible little devil that he has no influence aside from his rum,—but who can estimate the evil done our cause, by the intelligent, respectable gentlemen, who spout temperance most eloquently in the forum but live it not in their lives?

Mother.—I am glad you agree with me.

Henry.—Yes, you are right, and now instead of firing that moral gun of yours at the rumsellers alone,—that dismal bird, more "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous" than ever was the raven sung by Edgar Poe, you must have one of those six-barrelled California revolvers, that you may bring down at the same time from their airy heights more than one strong bird of prey.

Mother.—Be sure that you understand me.—I do not excuse the rumseller, he is deeply guilty,—the blood of many a soul lies at his door,—neither do I object to political action on this question; if it be possible, the traffic in intoxicating drinks should be stopped at once, and by law; all that I say is, public sentiment is higher than law and to have this right you must enlarge the heads and hearts of the people., SUN FLOWER.

For the Lily.

WOMAN.

Among the many important questions of the day, there is none that more vitally affects the whole human family, than that which is technically termed "woman's rights." Every allusion to the degraded and inferior position of woman all over the world, has ever been met by scorn and abuse. From the man of highest mental cultivation, to the most degraded wretch who staggers in the streets, do we hear ridicule and coarse jests freely bestowed upon them who dare assert that woman stands by the side of man,—his equal,—placed here by her God, to enjoy with him the beautiful earth, which is her home as it is his,—having the same sense of right and wrong, and looking to the same Being for guidance and support. So long has man exercised a tyranny over her—benumbing to her faculties—that but few can nerve themselves against the storm; and so long has the chain been about her, that however galling it may be, she knows not there is a remedy. Wherever we turn, the history of woman is sad, drear and dark, without any alleviating circumstances—nothing from which we can draw consolation. As the nations of the earth emerge from a state of barbarism, the sphere of woman gradually becomes wider, but not under even what is thought to be the full blaze of civilization is it what God designed it to be. In every country and clime does man assume the responsibility of marking out the path for her to tread. In every country does he regard her as a being inferior to himself, and one whom he is to guide and control. From the Arabian Kerck, whose wife is obliged to steal the necessities of life—from the Mahometan who forbids "pigs, dogs, women, and other impure animals, to enter a mosque, and does not allow a foal, madman, or woman, to proclaim the hour of prayer"—from the German who complacently smokes his meerschaum while his wife, yoked with the ox, draws the plough through the furrow—from the delectable gentleman who thinks an inferior style of conversation adapted to women—to the legislator, who considers her incapable of saying what laws shall govern her, is this same feeling manifested. In all eastern countries she is a mere slave, bought and sold at pleasure. There are many differences in habits, manners and customs among the heathen na-

tions of the old world, but there is little difference for the better in woman's lot; she is either the drudge of man, to perform all the hard labor in the field, the menial duties of the hut, the house—or she is the idol of his lust, the creature of his ever-varying whims and wills.

In christian countries, boasting a more advanced state of civilization and refinement, woman still holds a position infinitely inferior to man.

In France the Salic law tells much, although it is said that woman there has ever had great influence in all political revolutions. In England she seems to have advanced a little. There she has a right to the throne, and is allowed to hold some other offices, and some women have a right to vote too. But in the United States of America, woman has no right either to hold office, or to exercise her right to the elective franchise.—We stand at this moment unrepresented in the government—our rights and interests wholly overlooked. There is a class of men who believe in their natural, inborn, inbred superiority, both in body and mind, and their full, complete, Heaven-descended right to lord it over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, the beast of the field, and last, though not least, the immortal being called woman.

I would recommend this class to the attentive perusal of their Bibles—to historical research—to foreign travel—to a closer observation of the manifestations of mind about them, and to an humble comparison of themselves with such women as Catharine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, distinguished for their statesmanlike qualities—Harriet Martineau and Madame de Staël, for their literary attainments; or Caroline Herschel and Mary Summerville, for their scientific researches.

We seldom find this class among liberally educated persons, who have had the advantage of observing their race in different countries and climes, and under different phases; but, barbarians though they be, in entertaining such an opinion, they must be met and fairly vanquished.

We propose in our text to examine man's claim to superiority—intellectually, mentally and physically. *Mrs. Stanton* SUN FLOWER.

FRAGMENTS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL, FOR THE LILY.]

Despair not, noble spirit of man, when thy strength fails thee—when thy earthly form bends beneath the weight of years, and at length is laid prostrate. On a summer's night the flowers glisten in the dew before the cold moon, each attired in shining pearls—but the morning draws near—they become dim—the pearls lose their lustre—the moon grows pale and hides herself, and only cold tears remain in the flowers. But see! the sun comes up in the East—the flowers shine again; but jewels instead of pearls sparkle in them and array them for the new morning.—And to thee, O, old man! in the future shall the sun arise, and thy darkened dew-drops be made bright.

The true man still hopes and trusts in God, when all is dark before him. So the flowers which the sun unfolds remain open, though clouds obscure his rays.

A little sorrow overcomes us—a greater one we bear manfully. A bell with a slight crack rings heavily—let it become larger, a clear sound is sent back.

Many flowers open themselves to the sun, but one only ever follows him. Heart, be thou the Sun-flower—not only unfold thyself to God, but ever obey him.

Truly are the shadows long, O, old man! and your evening sun-lies cold upon the earth;—but they all point toward morning. *H. N. K.*

THE LILY.

MRS. ANHELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

JANUARY, 1850.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We come before you again, to-day, kind readers, with our best bow, a cordial shake of the hand, and a heart brim full of good wishes, that this may indeed be to you all a "HAPPY NEW YEAR." We see many faces among your number, which we easily recognize, and we greet you with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. You have borne us company through storm and sunshine, for one year, and now we find you ready to start with us on the course again. May nothing occur to interrupt our intercourse, or cause us to suspend our monthly communings, ere another year has run its round.

In looking around us we miss some of the companions of our last year's journey. They have grown tired of our company, or do not like our talk, and so have deserted us. Very well, let them go. We are sorry to part with them, but cannot put ourself out of the way to conciliate their good will, and so reluctantly bid them good bye; with this intimation however, that if they do not find company more to their liking, we shall gladly welcome them to our ranks again.

But whom have we here? Ah! a goodly number of *new friends* have pressed into the places made vacant by those who have left us. They come with smiling countenances and a hearty good will, to cheer us on our toilsome way.—Really, this is encouraging, and revives our sometimes desponding hopes. To these, our *stranger* friends, we would say, expect not too much of us. We wield but a feeble pen, and may not meet your expectations. Bear with our imperfections, and look with charity on our short comings.—The post we occupy was not of our own seeking. It was at first assigned us by others, and now retained by us more in compliance with the expressed wish of many of our readers, than from our own inclinations. We shall do our best, but that may be far from well. We know there are some who will find fault, and condemn, let us do as well as we may, but we have learned to treat their criticisms with indifference, and to go boldly on our way without heeding them. It is not from such that we ask or expect favors.

To our readers, one and all, we extend the hearty greetings of the season. May this be to you not only a happy *new* year, but as it advances along the track of time, and draws near the period when it must bid us adieu, and hasten to follow the years that have gone before—may you still be happy. Still may the blessings of heaven be shed upon you. May the rough blasts of the world pass by, and leave you unharmed. May no corroding care mar your happiness—no sorrow cloud your brows; and above all may the curse of *intemperance*—that blighter of all happiness—that blaster of all hope—that destroyer of all that is fair and lovely—never rest upon you or yours.

But let us not forget in the midst of our joy, that happiness unalloyed, is not to be found in this life—that this world is not our home. Year by year, and day by day, we draw nearer our jour-

ney's end. Time is precious, and is but given us for the improvement of our minds, and for the fitting of ourselves to enjoy the blessings of a happier—a heavenly home. May we all so live and discharge our duties in this life, that we may be prepared when the Master cometh, to render a good account of our stewardship, and to receive from Him the plaudit of "well done."

LAWS AGAINST RUMSELLING—A PRECEDENT.

The following is the first section of a law passed at the last session of the Legislature of this State:—

"An act for the benefit of Indians, passed April 16, 1849.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:—

"1. Every person who shall sell or give to any Indian residing within this State, any spirituous liquor, or any intoxicating drink, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor; and on conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail of not more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

That is a righteous law—one of the best in the large volume of the laws of 1849, comprising over 800 pages, from which we copy it. It was passed, as its title indicates, for the benefit of Indians—to protect them from the infamous traffic in strong drink—from the terrible evils which indulgence in such drinks is sure to bring on the poor and feeble remnant of the red men, left within our borders.

It is very stringent in its provisions. It not only imposes a *punishment* (that is the word) on those who sell, but also on those who *give*, not only "spirituous liquors," but any "intoxicating drink!" which of course must include strong beer, wine, cider, and all fermented beverages. All this is both just and necessary. The ten thousand tricks and subterfuges by which rum-sellers would evade the law which simply forbade the *sale* of spirituous liquors, renders it necessary that a penalty equally severe, should be imposed upon those who give it to others to be drunk.

The above law, we say again, is a good, a just and a righteous law, so far as it goes. Our only regret is that it does not apply to white men, as well as red men. Strike out the word "Indian" in the second line, and insert the word *person* in its place, and it would be just such a law as temperance men desire to see enacted—only we think the punishment imposed is not severe enough. Such a law is just as much needed for the protection of black men as red men, and just as much for white men as black. Rum shows no distinction to color, race, or class. Its assaults are equally fatal upon the one as the other. All high and low, rich and poor, black and white, are alike its slaves, and by it transformed from god-like man to demons.

And here too, our legislators—unwittingly perhaps,—have set a precedent of a most important nature. For if it is *right* to forbid the sale or giving away of rum to Indians, it is equally right to forbid such sale or gift to white men. If the legislature can pass laws on the subject in one case, they can just as consistently do it in the other. What then becomes of the idle pretence

that the legislature cannot interfere to prevent the traffic in strong drinks? It is a darling theme with many that the people have no right to forbid the sale of such drinks, and that it is an absurdity to suppose that a law prohibiting such traffic can ever be obtained. Well, we shall see.

The simple truth of the matter is, that the laws of the State distinctly recognize the principle that the legislature has such power, and has repeatedly exercised it. It has forbidden the drawing of lotteries, and even the sale of lottery tickets. It has also forbidden the sale of cards, and instruments of gaming. It has enacted laws against profane swearing, and against labor on Sunday. All these laws, according to the theory of the apologists of the rum power, are infringements on the natural rights of men to do as they please. But all such pretences are idle, nay, wicked, inasmuch as they tend directly to sustain a species of immorality subversive of all law and all happiness.

Society needs—asks for—demands protection both from the sale and the gift (?) of intoxicating drinks. To secure such protection—to bring about the passage of laws designed and framed to secure that end, should now be the constant purpose and aim of all temperance effort. We must unite legal to moral suasion. Let our law makers declare that "every person who shall sell or give to any *person* within the state, any spirituous liquors or intoxicating drink, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor" and let them affix to such misdemeanor a punishment commensurate with the wickedness and terrible results of the crime. When we get such a law, and when the community shall have sufficient moral power to enforce it, then and not till then, may we hope to banish intemperance from our borders.

A WIFE AS IS A WIFE.

We learn from the Boston Times that Mrs. H. J. Nichols, her husband being an invalid, has taken the editorial chair of the Brattleboro' (Vermont) Democrat, and wields a sparkling pen, while at the same time she attends to her domestic duties. How she contrives to mind the babies, mend the stockings, and write leaders at the same time, is more than we can understand.

[Dollar Newspaper.

How very strange! You men seem to understand very well how a woman—and many times a sickly woman—can wash, iron, bake, cook your meals three times a day, mend, and make clothes for half a dozen, mind the babies, keep her house in order, bring her wood, and water, and sometimes cut the former; and then perhaps into the bargain take in sewing and washing, to support herself and little ones, and a lazy, drunken brute of a husband. All this, and more, is done by thousands of women in our land, and yet calls forth no sympathy—excites no curiosity as to how they can do it. But when a woman steps out of the "sphere" which you have prescribed for her, and besides "minding the babies, and mending the stockings," finds time "to write leaders" for a newspaper, to earn the wherewith to support herself and invalid husband, it is more than you can understand, and you are lost in amazement!

We do not wonder that it surprises you, Mr. Editor, for if you were compelled to perform *one* half the labor that is done by many women, in addition to writing your "leaders," you would

consider it little better than slavery. We honor Mrs. Nichols, or any other woman, who takes such a position to support herself and sick husband; and we can much more easily understand how she can discharge her domestic duties, and "write leaders," when prompted by love and duty, than we can how any woman can tamely submit to slave out her life to support a miserable wretch, to whom she may be tied, in idleness and drunkenness.

The day is coming—and has even now come—when woman will contest with you the right to choose the kind of labor by which to earn subsistence for herself and those dependent on her exertions; for she has learned that it is easier to write leaders for a newspaper, than to toil over the washtub and the needle, and that she is equally capable with yourselves of writing them.

KINDNESS FOR THE RUMSELLER

We beg leave to differ from our esteemed correspondent "Sun Flower," in some of the views expressed in the "conversation" which we publish to-day. That she is right on many points, we do not dispute. All will concede that the rumseller is actuated by a desire for gain in pursuing the criminal business in which he is engaged. That this same love of gain leads others to cheat and deceive, in their various occupations, is equally true. But to place their guilt on the same level with that of the rumseller, seems to us monstrous and absurd. Though they may be actuated by the same motive, yet in their effects upon others—upon the world—their offences are so widely different that they ought not to be named together.

The whole business of the rumseller is to riot on the property and reputation of others. He not only robs his victims of their hard-earned money, without giving them any equivalent, but he feeds them with a slow poison, which subjects them to disease, unfits them for labor, deprives them and those dependant on them of food and clothing, destroys their reason, nerves their hands to deeds of blood, prepares them for every immoral and criminal act, turns them houseless and homeless upon the cold charities of the world—sends the broken-hearted and sorrowing wife, with her starving babes, to seek shelter from their cruelty in the poor-house or in the grave, and at last consigns his wretched victims, unwept and unmourned, to the drunkard's grave.

Of all this and much more is the rumseller guilty—and now, in this enlightened day, "Sunflower" would ask us to pity him on account of his ignorance, and treat him with "kindness and love." Talk not to us of "kindness and truth" for the vender of alcoholic drinks! He knows the whole truth. His heart is hardened, and we almost think incapable of being touched by moral suasion. Is it not moral suasion enough, when a poor wife and mother—whom he well knows he has stripped of every comfort—begs, humbly begs, that he will spare the husband of her love, and desist from giving him that which is killing both him and his? Is it not moral suasion enough, to know that this poor wife and mother, with her helpless babes, is turned out at midnight to face the pitiless blast, after having borne the blows inflicted, by the demon whom he has sent reeling

home, nerved to deeds of violence and bloodshed? If moral suasion could move him, the rumseller would long since have repented in sackcloth and ashes. Kindness? The rumseller has had more kindness shown him than any other man, or class of men, living! The most desperate thief the world ever knew, never robbed his fellow men of half the amount of property that the rumseller yearly takes dishonestly from his deluded victims. The most hardened criminal that ever expiated his crimes in prison, or on the gallows, could not look on his deeds less unmoved than does the dealer in alcoholic poison view the effects of his soul-destroying business. And we believe that no man ever caused so much crime and wickedness, or destroyed so many lives by any other business, or engagement, as does the rumseller. Had any other class of men done a tithe of the injury in community that these have done, justice, law and outraged public sentiment would have condemned them to the most severe punishment inflicted on the veriest criminal. Kindness? The vender of alcohol is a privileged criminal! The wise legislators of this great nation have seen fit to make laws and place them on our statute books for his especial protection! No other criminal has a license granted him to pursue his business unmolested and unharmed. A poor man, who steals a loaf of bread to save his family from starvation, is dragged to prison, while the rumseller, who has stolen from him his property—his character—his reason—his children's bread and clothing—is by the law pronounced *guiltless*! Call you not this kindness?

We cannot agree with those who would excite sympathy for this depraved class of men. Think you the rumseller could be touched by sympathy, or moved by kindness? Is he kind to others?—Go ask poor JAMES, who sleeps beneath yonder sod, if his destroyers were kind to him! Go ask the many sorrowful mothers, and worse than orphan children—made sorrowful and desolate by this same destroyer—what they think of his kindness! Go ask the broken-hearted and down-trodden wives—who suffer the keenest poverty, and are frequently obliged to flee from the cruel and murderous hand of those who should have been their protectors—what they think of the kindness of the rumseller, the cause of all their misery!

No, no, the dealer in this dreadful poison is not the blind and ignorant person that Sunflower takes him to be, and we think she will hardly find others to agree with her as readily as does her son Henry. Nothing short of the strong arm of the law will restrain him—a law imposing fine and imprisonment on the guilty offender. Nothing short of this will satisfy the true friends of the temperance cause. For this they labor, and this they have the confidence to believe they shall yet obtain.

SENECA FALLS.

Owing to the many complaints made to us by subscribers in this village of the neglect of the carrier to deliver their papers, we have thought it best in future to have them delivered at the Post-Office. Those having boxes at the office will find the Lily in them the first of each month; to those who have no boxes they will be delivered when called for.

AN EXCURSION.

Reader ours, since a part of our paper was of this type we have taken an excursion to the city of New York, and just returned in time to spend the holidays at our own home. And a delightful jaunt we have had, notwithstanding the wind and storm which we encountered on our journey, and the unsteadiness with which our head bore its fatigues.

We traveled by the route of the lakes and the New York and Erie Railroad. Those who have not been over this road can form no idea of its sublimity and grandeur. To one who like ourselves had never been beyond the level country of Western New York, it presents a grand and imposing spectacle. The sight is at one moment bounded on either side by lofty mountain peaks covered with evergreens, and the next by solid masses of rock, towering higher than the eye can reach, and through which, at an enormous expense and great amount of labor, the road has been cut. The water, in pouring over these rocks from above, had frozen in its descent, and now hung in massive and irregular sheets down their perpendicular sides—forming a beautiful contrast to their dark surface. Occasionally, you come into a more open country, and at one spot you find yourself upon the summit of a mountain where you have a view of ten miles in extent through the valley below.

To an admirer of nature, in her wild and picturesque state, this road—with its mountains and valleys, its gulfs, cascades, and viaducts—presents a scene of surpassing beauty. It runs for the most part on the banks of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, and except when shut out by the towering rocks, keeps them almost constantly in sight. At one moment you are so nearly on a level with the river that you can see its bottom; the next, you find yourself hundreds of feet above it, where a slight deviation from the track would plunge you down the fearful precipice into its depths below. Winter had robed all in her snowy mantle on our return, adding new beauty to the scene. Summer, we think, would lend enchantment to the picture, and should we ever take a trip over this road again, we shall aim to do so at a more mild and genial season.

We like this wild and romantic country for its variety—for change, but we would not exchange our own loved Seneca for it all. Neither do we think we should like it as well for traveling, after having passed through it a few times. Give us the level land, with its broad fields and teeming orchards, where the eye can roam at will, rather than the rocky mountains and fearful declivities, which, though they may startle and excite admiration for a time, will in the end produce weariness and a longing to break beyond them and take a more wide-spread survey of nature in her more useful and less fitful exhibitions.

The New York and Erie Road is now complete, both from Ithaca and Jefferson. The passenger car running from Ithaca to Owego is an elegant piece of workmanship, exceeding in beauty of finish anything we have seen. It is trimmed with damask velvet and rich satin, and elaborately ornamented with carved rosewood, and what is more worthy of note, in its arrange-

the comfort and convenience of the traveler has been taken into consideration.

We were fortunate in meeting with several of the directors of this road in our downward trip from Ithaca. To them, and especially to Mr. Dodge, of New York city, we are indebted for much information concerning the road. Every attention was shown us by this enterprising gentleman, from the time we left Ithaca till we shook hands with him at parting upon our arrival in the city. Verily, those who conceived the idea of a Railroad through this rocky wilderness, and possessed sufficient courage and determination to carry out the plan, must be endowed with brave hearts and strong heads.

OH DEAR! WHAT NEXT?

A gentleman writes us from Alleghany county, declining to give his support to the Lily, on account of "its support to secret societies." He "regrets that a flower mainly so pure and beautiful as the Lily, should have this one poisonous petal;" and "while the leading features of the paper meet with his most cordial approbation, he cannot be unmindful that in sustaining such societies we countenance a principle which has no affinity for any good thing!"

As we have already replied at length to his letter, we shall not take room to notice it farther.—Our readers know how far we are censurable in the matter complained of. We belong to no secret society, neither have we ever advocated the formation of such societies. Yet we are not so blinded by bigotry or prejudice, but we can discern, and are willing to admit the good done by some of the so called "secret societies." Sorry to lose the gentleman's favor, but can't help it this time. Hope those not so sensitive will take pity on us and make up the loss we have sustained on account of our advocacy of poisonous doctrine.

Will the "New York Organ," the "Star of Temperance," and "The Lily," exchange with the Protector? Our paper has been regularly mailed to them, but we do not receive them in return. We want them.—[Temp. Protector.

Certainly, sir, we will. But how is it about your paper being regularly mailed to us? We think we have seen but two or three numbers of the "Protector," and those at very irregular intervals. The November number for instance, was received in December. We will not say that the "Lily" has been regularly mailed to you, for on reference to our exchange list we find that you have been neglected, but we are quite sure that we have sent it as often as we have received the "Protector." You shall not again be forgotten.

We send the Lily this month to a few of our old subscribers who have not renewed their subscription. If they do not return it by the first of next month, we shall consider them subscribers for another year.

Some of our friends, in writing us from abroad, ask if we "can furnish subscribers with the first number, after two or three weeks?" We answer, yes. We have issued an extra large number, and can supply all calls for some time to come. Should our friends send in names so fast as to use them up, we will have it reprinted. We really hope they will oblige us to keep our promise.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Letters and remittances have been received from the following persons since our last issue. As we cannot possibly find time to answer by letter, as sometimes requested to do, we take this method of acknowledging favors received:

Herman Camp, Elizabeth Frank, A. Morris, Mrs. H. Howland, 2, Laura J. Clapp, Moses Twist, Jr., Mrs. Mary Chamberlain, Miss Sidney Peirce, Hannah M. Darlington, Mrs. M. J. Dutton, H. Eshbaugh, Mrs. E. A. Ellis, Harriet E. Bostwick, Mrs. H. P. P. Voorhes, Wm. H. Barker, Lerna Rogers, Seneca Butts, Melissa P. Gillet, J. C. Morse, Sophia King, J. G. Caulkins, Deborah Peterson, Mr. Willets, Mary E. Shephard, Mary Haight, R. E. Hills, Mrs. H. D. Goodwin, Silas Judd, Mrs. L. G. Winton, E. R. Hughes.

Oh! what a heap of good letters we are getting lately; they almost turn this weak head of ours. We should like to publish them all, but our readers would think us so vain. One little Miss of eleven years, sends us a good list of subscribers obtained by her own exertions. Little girls and boys can do a great deal for the temperance cause, and every other good cause if they will but try. We are always glad to see them interested in any good work.

We are sure we love the writers of all these letters very much, and return them many thanks for their kind regards and timely aid. At the same time we would express the hope that they will continue their efforts in behalf of the Lily, and the cause it advocates.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

We trust the writers of the following letters will pardon the liberty taken with their correspondence. We wish to let our lady readers see what the women of Pennsylvania are doing, and the untiring zeal with which they labor, notwithstanding the discouragements thrown in their way. We wish their example might spur the ladies of this section to renewed exertions in behalf of the down trodden and degraded victims of intemperance:

EVERGREEN GLADE, DECEMBER 17, 1849.

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER:— I am very glad to become acquainted with your paper, which I think may do much good in the great temperance enterprise, and may also do much to elevate and develop woman. It is time woman should show her individuality which has been too long lost in her dependence on man. Let her learn to think for herself, to form her own opinions, and when she makes herself equal with man in ability to act for herself, her equality will be acknowledged.

I find my friend H. M. D. has in advance of myself, sent you our appeal on the subject of temperance, which I was about to do.—The 8th of this month we held a Convention and adopted a memorial on this important question, which, with a number of petitions asking for a prohibitory law in Chester County, we intend sending to our Legislature as soon as it meets.—We have held several Conventions, and this is the third year we have addressed a memorial to our Legislature, asking to have the liquor traffic prohibited in our County. Last winter the County Temperance Society (men and women) sent petitions asking for such a law signed by between 6 and 7 thousand persons, and our Convention appointed a committee of four women to go to Harrisburg and present the memorial to the people's Representatives. Three of that committee went and exerted what power they possessed to obtain

the above law, but without effect. Last winter at a Convention we held the 30th of December, two Addresses, one to the men, the other to the women of the County, were adopted, and a committee appointed to call meetings of the people, read the address, make speeches, or obtain speakers. The committee attended to their duties, held fifteen meetings of the people in different parts of the County during the winter. The latter part of this summer and autumn we have held nine meetings, all of which were addressed by two and sometimes three members of that committee. When I speak of our meetings, I mean those called and addressed by women. Our conventions are composed of women exclusively.—Some of us think that our influence will be more effective and more widely felt, if we act by ourselves. We meet with some opposition to this plan from some of our temperance women, who labor with us, yet contend that it shows a narrow and illiberal spirit to exclude the men from our Conventions. While we labor separately, we are also members of temperance societies, formed of men and women, and act with them in circulating petitions and whatever other temperance work may present itself to be done.

S. P.

KENNETT, Pa., Dec., 1849.

Upon the whole, we hope the cause is advancing with us, though discouraging examples of the debasement occasioned by the use of intoxicating drinks may sometimes be seen amongst us, in the form of men robbed of their manhood by indulgence in the reason-robbing draught. The "Lily," robed in chaste and truthful language, comes to us a harbinger of better times. May God prosper the effort; for upon its success depends, not only the happiness of many a hearth-stone circle, but the buffeted and battled woman's cause which at present furnishes nuts for fastidious editor critics, and material for the jests and jeers of "sphere"-loving lords in creation, will obtain a candid hearing before the Lily's just tribunal. With sincere desire for your success in the cause, and earnestness in my own feeble efforts, I am

Most respectfully, H. M. D.

For the Lily.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, MRS. BLOOMER. It is the prayer of an old man who has seen many new years come and pass away, and one to whom but few more will come. Looking back upon the year which has just departed, memory's magic mirror brings to mind the many pleasant hours I have passed in perusing your little sheet, and the remembrance of those hours, dissolving the cold mists which too often surround the heart of the aged, led me to give you warm, heart-felt thanks for the bright Lilies with which you have strewn the rugged pathway of my life during the past year.

God speed you, lady, on your errand of mercy to fallen man, and though I know it is a thankless task to endeavor to persuade men to forbear doing that which to them is pecuniary gain, though it may ruin their own souls, and those of their victims, yet the influence of the good and virtuous when brought to bear upon them will be hard to resist, and the pure leaves of the Lily will not be soiled by the contact, but appear brighter from the contrast. And should the Lily be the means of redeeming one of God's creatures from the grasp of that tyrant who knows no mercy, and restoring him to man's estate, the remembrance of the good you have effected will be its own bright reward.

Go on then, dear Lily, in the course which you have marked out. Let your eye rest steadily upon the bright star which even now is rising in the east, and which, before the grave shall have closed over my grey hairs, may have arisen to the zenith, in one broad blaze of light, to herald to the world that MAN IS FREE.

C. I. M.

Seneca Falls, Jan. 1, 1850.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE FLOWER THAT LOOKS UPWARD.

A group of young and light-hearted girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the pleasant woods and fields.

"What beautiful things flowers are!" said one. "And what a pleasant amusement it would be, now that we are all sitting here so quietly, if each were to choose which flower she would rather be like."

"Just as if there could be any choice," exclaimed Laura Bennet, a little proudly—and holding up a moss rose as she spoke. "Among all the flowers that grow there is none to vie in beauty with the rose. Let me be the queen of flowers or none!"

"For my part," observed her sister Helen. "I should like to resemble the luxuriant rhododendron, so beautifully described in our book of flowers. When any one, in passing, shakes it roughly, it scatters, as we are told, a 'shower of honey dew from its roseate cups, and immediately begins to fill its chalice anew with transparent ambrosia; teaching us to shower sweetness even upon the hands that disturb us, and to fill again with pure honey-drops the chalice of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would not wish to be meek and forgiving like the rhododendron, if they could? But it is very difficult," added poor Helen, with tears in her eyes.

"It is indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if we trust only to our own strength. And who is there to help us? It is only when my father looks at me in his grave, kind manner, that I have the slightest control over myself. What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we cannot always remember that the eye of our heavenly Father is upon us!"

"I wish I could," replied Helen.

"I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing."

"Now, Clara," interrupted Laura Bennet, turning impatiently toward a fair, gentle looking girl by her side, "we are waiting for you."

Clara smiled, and immediately chose the pale convolvulus, or bindweed, winding so carelessly in and out among the bushes, and flinging over them a graceful covering, an emblem of meek beauty and loving tenderness. "The only pity is," said she, "that it should so soon close up and fade."

"But what says our dear Lucy?" exclaimed Helen.

"I think that I can guess," said Clara Seymour, "either a violet or heart's ease—am I right?"

"Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush; "although both the flowers that you have mentioned are great favorites of mine. But I should like to resemble the daisy most, because it is always looking upward!"

"Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked home together, carrying the flowers which they had gathered to adorn their several dwellings; "do tell me why you wish, just now, to be always looking upward like the daisy."

"O, Helen, can you ask? What more do we require for happiness than to be able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with the eye of faith, and say, It is the Lord's will, and therefore it is best?"

"Do you always think thus?" asked Helen.

"Alas, no!" replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast. "But I am trying and praying to God to teach me."

A NOBLE BROTHER.—I was once in a garden with a little boy, who was showing me the parts of it allotted to himself and his two brothers.—As I passed, on I stopped to gather a few currants from a bush—he asked me not to do so. "These," said he, "belong to Frederick, and those to Charles, who are now from home, and I wish them to have the fruit when they return; but here you see, mine are quite ripe; please take some of these." Everybody loves such boys.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE LILY.

Little Edward came to his mamma one rainy afternoon, as he returned from school, and said.

"Mamma, may I just go down the street with a little girl that goes to our school?"

She replied, "No, my son, it rains."

He said, "Why, ma. I want to go very much. I must go."

"Well, then," said his mother, "go if you must."

On his return, she asked him if the little girl was a favorite of his.

He said, "O, no, she treats me very ill, worse than any other scholar in school."

"Then why did you wish to go with her?"

He said, "You have taught me that we must do good to them that spitefully use us. She had a heavy bundle to carry home, and I did not know of any other way to do her a kindness, so I thought I would carry it for her, and that would be rewarding good for evil."

"Think you, my bright-eyed Miss, or my Master Thoughtful, that the little girl could have behaved ill to Edward after that?"

GRACE GREENWOOD'S DOG.

Children did you ever hear of a dog having his daguerreotype taken? Well, here is a description by Grace herself of the manner in which her dog, the hero, when she requested him to sit for his picture.

"Verily, a dog of pleasant humor and infinite waggery is Tom. I took the handsome fellow to have his daguerreotype taken, a few days since. Why, the creature had no taste for the fine arts, or a contempt for this particular branch.—It was as though he knew that Rubens and Hogarth and Landseer had painted worse looking dogs, and would not be daguerreotyped. Naturally graceful as he is, he managed to throw himself into the most outre and ludicrous attitudes, and by his restlessness and awkwardness almost forfeited his good reputation as a setter. He sometimes appeared on the plate with one nose more than even a hunting dog needs for scent; sometimes like those monster lambs exhibited at museums with two heads and two tails.—At last, he stretched himself at full length and fell asleep, and we resolved to have him thus taken. Presently his daguerreotype was before us. He looked like a Spaniard enjoying his siesta. There was the utmost abandon of taking-it-easy comfort in figure, a fine tone of aristocratic repose; but I missed the better standing posture, the animated, up-turned nose, the graceful droop of the ear, and the large, dark, luminous eyes, the life in every limb; in short, it looked like a portrait taken after death, and suggested mournful fancies. To-morrow, we intend making another effort. We think of fastening a tempting piece of meat to the ceiling above, far out of his reach. His eager look of hopeful aspiration will, we think, give a fine effect to the picture. It will seem as though he heard a voice we could not hear—the voice of the hunter Adonis cheering his dogs over the Elysian Fields, or were just about to set the Ursa Major."

A BRAVE BOY.

A Boy in New Jersey, at various times, saved four lives, before he was ten years old. When a little over eight years old, he saw his younger brother break through the ice, where the water was four feet deep. He had to run twelve or fifteen yards to reach the pond; and remembering to have heard his mother read a story from one of Peter Parley's clever books, of a person saving another's life, when the ice was not strong enough to walk upon it, by creeping, he lay down on the ice, crept to the hole where his brother had broken through, reached into the water, and pulled him out by the hair, after he had sunk for the third time. Creeping backward, he drew the

rescued sufferer to the shore. After this he saved the lives of three boys at the same pond. In one of these instances, showed as much coolness and presence of mind, as any grown person could. Seeing the ice was too thin to bear him, he tried to borrow a sled of a boy near by, who refused, but pushing the boy over, he seized the sled, and shoved it to the sinking lad, who caught hold of it, and he, holding on by the string, pulled him to the shore. We have only to add, that this clever child was as good as he was manly and brave.

[Selected.]

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will all be alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—There are some forged notes, but who will throw away good ones, because there are some forgeries? Nor must we neglect deserving objects because there are vile impostures.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LADIES.

The second Volume of the Lily will commence on the first day of January, 1850. It is devoted to the cause of Temperance and moral and religious Literature. It is edited and published by Ladies, and to Ladies it will appeal mainly for support. It is woman that speaks, and she will strive to be heard through the columns of the LILY, and it will be one of the main objects of its conductors and writers, to arouse her more effectually to use her influence in arresting the terrible evils of Intemperance,—to point out and sustain her true position in society—to assert and maintain her just rights, and to open a medium through which her thoughts and aspirations may be developed.

While it is intended that the advocacy of Temperance shall be the paramount object in the publication of the Lily, yet LITERATURE will take a prominent place on its pages.—Chastening in its influence—ennobling the mind—expanding the intellect with knowledge—a beautiful and appropriate hand maid is given to Temperance by this association.

The LILY will be published on the first of each month, and promptly transmitted to subscribers. Should the number of subscribers be sufficiently large to warrant it, it may be published twice a month, for a part of the year. It will be printed on good paper, of fair quarto size.

TERMS OF THE LILY.

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All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE.—Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to "The Publishers of the Lily," or to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

November 1, 1849.

Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no efforts will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.
ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.